



# TO THE CUSTOMERS OF LINCOLN NEWSPAPERS CHRISTMAS ADDRESS

My friends, - I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter of the 15th inst. and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

I am, Sir, very respectfully,  
Your obedient servant,  
J. H. B. B. B.

It is with much pleasure that I have received your letter of the 15th inst. and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

No. 10, White's Court, at Somerset's Building, Ray  
In order to serve you and improve the way  
both day and night, I have been thinking  
of the many things that I have been doing.

With such a lot of things to do, you all  
the people on your streets now may call  
and find the same in the MENCUR'S house.  
I have been the father of the West's house.

There is a lot of things to do, and I have been  
and I have been doing them all day long.  
I have been doing them all day long.  
I have been doing them all day long.

My friends, - I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your kind letter of the 15th inst. and in reply to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

May I have the honor to inform you that the same has been forwarded to the proper authorities for their consideration.

BLEINHEIM,

A

*Pam 58*

POEM,

Inscrib'd to the Right Honourable

ROBERT HARLEY, Esq;

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THE THIRD EDITION.

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L O N D O N,

Printed for *Tho. Bennet*, at the *Half-Moon* in  
*St. Paul's Church-yard.* 1705.



BLENNHIM

A

P O E M

THE RIGHT TO THE RIGHT

ROBERT W. CARLTON

THE THIRD EDITION

LONDON

Printed for the Author, at the  
St. Paul's Church-yard

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# BLEINHEIM,

## <sup>A</sup> POEM.

**F**rom low and abject Themes the Grov'ling Muse  
 Now mounts Aerial, to sing of Arms  
 Triumphant, and emblaze the Martial Acts  
 Of *Britain's* Heroe; may the Verse not sink  
 Beneath his Merits, but detain a while  
 Thy Ear, O HARLEY, (tho thy Country's Weal  
 Depends on Thee, tho Mighty ANNE requires  
 Thy hourly Counsels) since with ev'ry Art  
 Thy self adorn'd, the mean Effays of Youth  
 Thou wilt not damp, but guide, wherever found,  
 The willing Genius to the Muses Seat:  
 Therefore Thee first, and last, the Muse shall Sing.



**L**ong had the *Gallic* Monarch uncontrol'd  
 Enlarg'd his Borders, and of Human Force  
 Opponent slightly thought, in Heart elate,  
 As erst *Sesostris*, (proud *Ægyptian* King,  
 That Monarchs harness'd to his Chariot yok't,  
 (Base Servitude!) and his dethron'd Compeers  
 Lash'd furious; they in sullen Majesty  
 Drew the uneasy Load.) Nor less he aim'd  
 At Universal Sway: For *WILLIAM*'s Arm  
 Could naught avail, however fam'd in War;  
 Nor Armies leagu'd, that diversly assay'd  
 To curb his Pow'r enormous; like an Oak,  
 That stands secure, tho' all the Winds employ  
 Their ceaseless Roar, and only sheds its Leaves,  
 Or Mast, which the revolving Spring restores;  
 So stood he, and Alone; Alone defy'd  
 The *European* Thrones combin'd, and still  
 Had set at Naught their Machinations vain,  
 By that Great *ANNE*, weighing th' Events of War  
 Momentous, in Her prudent Heart, Thee chose,  
 Thee, *CHURCHILL*, to direct in nice Extreams  
 Her banner'd Legions. Now their pristin Worth  
 The *Britons* recollect, and gladly change

Sweet

Sweet Native Home for unaccustom'd Air,  
 And other Climes, where diff'rent Food and Soil  
 Portend Distempers; over dank, and dry,  
 They journey toilsome, unfatigu'd with Length  
 Of March, unstruck with Horror at the sight  
 Of *Alpine* Ridges bleak, high stretching Hills,  
 All White with Summer Snows. They go beyond  
 The Trace of *English* Steps, where scarce the Sound  
 Of *Henry's* Arms arriv'd; such Strength of Heart  
 Thy Conduct, and Example gives; nor small  
 Encouragement **GODOLPHIN**, Wise, and Just,  
 Equal in Merit, Honour, and Success,  
 To *Burleigh*, (fortunate alike to serve  
 The Best of Queens:) He, of the Royal Store  
 Splendidly frugal, sits whole Nights devoid  
 Of sweet Repose, Industrious to procure  
 The Soldiers Ease; to Regions far remote  
 His Care extends, and to the *British* Host  
 Makes ravag'd Countries plenteous as their own.

And now, **O CHURCHILL**, at thy wisht Approach  
 The *Germans* hopeless of Success, forlorn,  
 With many an Inroad gor'd, their drooping Cheer  
 New animated rouse; not more rejoice



The miserable Race of Men, that live  
 Benighted half the Year, benumm'd with Frosts  
 Perpetual, and rough *Boreas* keenest Breath,  
 Under the Polar Bear, inclement Sky,  
 When first the Sun with New-born Light removes  
 The long incumbent Gloom; gladly to thee  
 Heroic Laurel'd EUGENE yields the Prime,  
 Nor thinks it Diminution, to be rankt  
 In Military Honour next, altho  
 His deadly Hand shook the *Turcheſtan* Throne  
 Accurs'd, and prov'd in far divided Lands  
 Victorious; on thy pow'rful Sword alone  
*Germania*, and the *Belgic* Coast relies,  
 Won from th'encroaching Sea: That Sword Great ANNE  
 Fix'd not in vain on thy puissant Side,  
 When Thee Sh'enroll'd Her Garter'd Knights among,  
 Illustrating the Noble Liſt; Her Hand  
 Affures good Omens, and Saint *George's* worth  
 Enkindles like Deſire of high Exploits.  
 Immediate Sieges, and the Tire of War  
 Rowl in thy eager Mind; thy Plumy Creſt  
 Nods horrible, with more terrific Port  
 Thou walk'ſt, and ſeem'ſt already in the Fight.

What Spoils, what Conquests then did *Albion* hope  
 From thy Atchievements! yet thou hast surpass'd  
 Her boldest Vows, exceeded what thy Foes  
 Could fear, or fancy; they, in Multitude  
 Superior, fed their Thoughts with Prospect vain  
 Of Victory, and Rapine, reck'ning what  
 From ransom'd Captives would accrue. Thus One  
 Jovial his Mate bespoke; O Friend, observe,  
 How gay with all th' Accoutrements of War  
 The *Britons* come, with Gold well fraught they come  
 Thus far, our Prey, and tempt us to subdue  
 Their recreant Force; how will their Bodies stript  
 Enrich the Victors, while the Vultures fate  
 Their Maws with full Repast! Another, warm'd  
 With high Ambition, and Conceit of Prowess  
 Inherent, arrogantly thus presum'd;  
 What if This Sword, full often drench'd in Blood  
 Of base Antagonists, with griding Edge  
 Should now cleave sheer the execrable Head  
 Of CHURCHILL, met in Arms! or if This Hand  
 Soon as his Army disarray'd 'gins swerve,  
 Should stay Him flying, with retentive Gripe,  
 Confounded, and appal'd! no trivial Price  
 Should set Him free, nor small should be My Praise



To lead Him shackl'd, and expos'd to Scorn  
Of gath'ring Crowds the *Briton's* boasted Chief.

Thus They, in sportive mood, their empty Taunts  
And Menaces exprest; nor could their Prince  
In Arms, vain *Tallard*, from opprobrious Speech  
Refrain; Why halt ye thus, ye *Britons*? why  
Decline the War? shall a Morass forbid  
Your easie March? Advance; we'll bridge a Way,  
Safe of Access. Imprudent, thus t'invite  
A furious Lion to his Folds! that Boast  
He ill abides, captiv'd in other Plight  
He soon revisits *Britanny*, that once  
Resplendent came, with stretch't Retinue girt,  
And pompous Pageantry; O Hapless Fate,  
If any Arm, but CHURCHILL's, had prevail'd!

No need such Boasts, or Exprobations false  
Of Cowardice; the Military Mound  
The *British* Files transcend, in evil Hour  
For their proud Foes, that fondly brav'd their Fate.  
And now on either Side the Trumpet blew,  
Signal of Onset, Resolution firm  
Inspiring, and pernicious Love of War.

The adverse Fronts in rueful Conflict meet,  
 Collecting all their Might; for on th' Event  
 Decisive of this bloody Day depends  
 The Fate of Kingdoms: With less Vehemence  
 The great Competitors for *Rome* engag'd,  
*Cæsar*, and *Pompey*, on *Pharsalian* Plains,  
 Where stern *Bellona*, with one final Stroke,  
 Adjudg'd the Empire of this Globe to One.  
 Here the *Bavarian* Duke his Brigades leads,  
 Gallant in Arms, and Gaudy to behold,  
 Bold Champion! brandishing his *Noric* Blade,  
 Best temper'd Steel, successful prov'd in Field!  
 Next *Tallard*, with his *Celtic* Infantry  
 Presumptuous comes: Here **CHURCHILL**, not so  
 To Vaunt, as Fight, his hardy Cohorts joins  
 With **EUGENE**'s *German* Force. Now from each Van  
 The brazen Instruments of Death discharge  
 Horrible Flames, and turbid streaming Clouds  
 Of Smoak sulphureous; intermix't with these  
 Large globous Irons fly, of dreadful Hiss,  
 Singeing the Air, and from long Distance bring  
 Surprizing Slaughter; on each side they fly  
 By Chains connex't, and with destructive Sweep  
 Behead whole Troops at once; the hairy Scalps

Are



Are whirl'd aloof, while numerous Trunks bestrow  
 Th'ensanguin'd Field; with latent Mischief stor'd  
 Show'rs of Granadoes rain, by sudden Burst  
 Disploding murd'rous Bowels, fragments of Steel,  
 And Stones, and Glass, and nitrous Grain adust.  
 A Thousand Ways at once the shiver'd Orbs  
 Fly diverse, working Torment, and foul Rout  
 With deadly Bruise, and Gashes furrow'd deep.  
 Of Pain impatient, the high prancing Steeds  
 Disdain the Curb, and flinging to and fro,  
 Spurn their dismounted Riders; they expire  
 Indignant, by unhostile Wounds destroy'd.

Thus thro' each Army Death, in various Shapes,  
 Prevail'd; here mangled Limbs, here Brains and Gore  
 Lye clotted; lifeless Some: With Anguish These  
 Gnashing, and loud Laments invoking Aid,  
 Unpity'd, and unheard; the louder Din  
 Of Guns, and Trumpets clang, and solemn Sound  
 Of Drums o'ercame their Groans. In equal Scale  
 Long hung the Fight, few Marks of Fear were seen,  
 None of Retreat: As when two adverse Winds,  
 Sublim'd from dewy Vapours, in mid Sky  
 Engage with horrid Shock, the ruffled Brine

Roars

Roars stormy, they together dash the Clouds,  
 Levying their Equal Force with utmost Rage;  
 Long undecided lasts the Airy Strife.

So they, incens'd: 'Till CHURCHILL, viewing where  
 The Violence of *Tallard* most prevail'd,  
 Came to oppose His slaught'ring Arm; with speed  
 Precipitant He rode, urging his Way  
 O'er Hills of gasping Heroes, and fall'n Steeds  
 Rowling in Death: Destruction, grim with Blood,  
 Attends His furious Course. Him thus enrag'd  
 Descrying from afar some Engineer,  
 Dextrous to guide th' unerring Charge, design'd  
 By One nice Shot to terminate the War.  
 With Aim direct the levell'd Bullet flew,  
 But miss'd her Scope (for Destiny withstood  
 Th' approaching Wound) and guiltless Plough'd her Way  
 Beneath His Courser; round His Sacred Head  
 The glowing Balls play innocent, while He  
 With dire impetuous Sway deals Fatal Blows  
 Amongst the scatter'd *Gauls*. But O! Beware  
 Great Warrior, nor too prodigal of Life  
 Expose the *British* Safety: Hath not *Jove*  
 Already warn'd Thee to withdraw? Reserve  
 Thy self for other Palms. Ev'n now Thy Aid



EUGENE, with Regiments unequal prest,  
 Awaits; **This** Day of all his Honours gain'd  
 Despoils Him, if Thy Succour opportune  
 Defends not the sad Hour: Permit not Thou  
 So Brave a Leader with the Vulgar Herd  
 To bite the Ground unnoted. — Swift, and Fierce  
 As wintry Storm, He flies, to reinforce  
 The yielding Wing; in *Gallie* Blood again  
 He dews His reeking Sword, and strows the Ground  
 With headless Ranks; (so *Ajax* interpos'd  
 His Sevenfold Shield, and skreen'd *Laertes's* Son,  
 For Valour much, and Warlike Wiles Renown'd,  
 When the insulting *Trojans* urg'd him fore  
 With tilted Spears:) Unmanly Dread invades  
 The *French* astoni'd; straight Their Thirst of Blood  
 They quit, and in ignoble Flight confide,  
 Unseemly Yelling; distant Hills return  
 The hideous Noise. What can They do? or how  
 Withstand His Wide-destroying Sword? or where  
 Find Shelter thus repuls'd? Behind with Wrath  
 Resistless, th'Eager *English* Champions Press,  
 Chastising tardy Flight; before them rowls  
 His Current swift the *Danube*, Vast, and Deep  
 Supream of Rivers; to the frightful Brink,

Urg'd

Urg'd by compulsive Arms, soon as they reacht,  
 New Horror chill'd Their Veins; devote They saw  
 Themselves to wretched Doom; with Efforts vain,  
 Encourag'd by Despair, o. Obstinate  
 To Fall like Men in Arms, Some dare renew  
 Feeble Engagement, meeting Glorious Fate  
 On the firm Land; the Rest discomfited,  
 And pusht by MARLEBOROUGH's avengeful Hand,  
 Leap plunging in the wide extended Flood:  
 Bands, numerous as the *Memphian* Soldiery  
 That swell'd the *Erythraean* Wave, when Wall'd  
 The Unfroze Waters marvelously stood,  
 Observant of the Great Command. Upborn  
 By frothy Billows Thousands float the Stream  
 In cumbrous Mail, with love of farther Shore;  
 Confiding in their Hands, that sed'lous strive  
 To cut th' outrageous Fluent: In this Distress,  
 Ev'n in the sight of Death, Some, Tokens shew  
 Of fearless Friendship, and their sinking Mates  
 Sustain; vain Love, tho' laudable! absorpt  
 By a fierce Eddy, They together found  
 The vast Profundity; their Horses paw  
 The swelling Surge, with fruitless Toil: Surcharg'd,  
 And in his Course obstructed by large Spoil,

The



The River flows redundant, and attacks  
 The lingring Remnant with unusual Tide;  
 Then Rowling back, in His Capacious Lap  
 Ingulfs Their whole Militia, quick immerst.  
 So when some swelt'ring Travellers retire  
 To leafy Shades, near the cool Sunless Verge  
 Of *Paraba*, *Brasilian* Stream; Her Tail  
 Of vast Extension, from Her watry Den,  
 A grisly *Hydra* suddenly shoots forth,  
 Infidious, and with curl'd invenom'd Train  
 Embracing horridly, at once the Crew  
 Into the River whirles; th'unweeting Prey  
 Entwisted roars, th'Affrighted Flood rebounds.

Nor did the *British* Squadrons now surcease  
 To gall their Foes o'erwhelm'd; full many felt  
 In the moist Element a scorching Death,  
 Pierc'd sinking; Shrouded in a dusky Cloud  
 The Current flows, with lived missive Flames  
 Boiling, as once *Pergamean Xanthus* boil'd,  
 Inflam'd by *Vulcan*, when th'Swift-footed Son  
 Of *Peleus* to his baleful Banks pursu'd  
 The straggling *Trojans*: Nor less Eager drove  
 Victorious CHURCHILL His desponding Foes

Into

Into the deep Immense, that many a League  
Impurpl'd ran, with gushing Gore distain'd.

Thus the Experienc'd Valour of One Man,  
Mighty in Conflict, rescu'd harraß Pow'rs  
From Ruin impendent, and th'afflicted Throne  
Imperial, that once Lorded o'er the World,  
Sustain'd. With prudent Stay, he long deferr'd  
The rough Contention, nor would deign to rout  
An Host disparted; when, in Union firm  
Embody'd, They Advanc'd, collecting All  
Their Strength, and worthy seem'd to be subdu'd;  
He the proud Boasters sent, with stern Assault,  
Down to the Realms of Night. The *British* Souls,  
(A Lamentable Race!) that ceas'd to breathe,  
On *Landen*-Plains, this Heav'nly Gladsome Air,  
Exult to see the crouding Ghosts descend  
Unnumber'd; well aveng'd, they quit the Cares  
Of Mortal Life, and Drink th'Oblivious Lake.  
Not so the New Inhabitants; They roam  
Erroneous, and disconsolate, Themselves  
Accusing, and their Chiefs, improvident  
Of Military Chance; when lo! They see,  
Thrô the Dun Mist, in Blooming Beauty fresh,



Two Lovely Youths, that Amicably walk  
 O'er Verdant Meads, and pleas'd, perhaps, revolv'd  
*ANNA*'s late Conquests; One, to Empire Born,  
 Egregious Prince, whose Manly Childhood shew'd  
 His mingled Parents, and portended Joy  
 Unspeakable; Thou, His Associate Dear  
 Once in this World, nor now by Fate disjoin'd,  
 Had thy presiding Star propitious shone,  
 Shouldst *CHURCHILL* be! But Heav'n severe cut short  
 Their springing Years, nor would, this Isle should boast  
 Gifts so Important! Them the *Gallic* Shades  
 Surveying, read in either radiant Look  
 Marks of excessive Dignity and Grace,  
 Delighted; till, in One, their Curious Eye  
 Discerns their Great Subduer's Awful Mien,  
 And Corresponding Features Fair; to Them  
 Confusion! Straight the Airy Phantomes fleet,  
 With Headlong Haste, and Dread a new Pursuit;  
 The Image pleas'd with Joy Paternal Smiles.

Enough, O Muse; the sadly-pleasing Theme  
 Leave, with these Dark Abodes; and Re-ascend  
 To breathe the upper Air, where Triumphs wait  
 The Conqu'ror, and fav'd Nations joint Acclaim.

Hark,

Hark, how the Canon, inoffensive Now,  
 Gives Signs of Gratulation; struggling Crouds  
 From ev'ry City flow; with ardent Gaze  
 Fixt, they behold the *British* Guide, of Sight  
 Infatiate; whilst His Great Redeeming Hand  
 Each Prince affects to touch respectful See,  
 How *Prussia's* King transported Entertains  
 His Mighty Guest; to Him the Royal Pledge,  
 Hope of his Realm, commits, (with better Fate,  
 Than to the *Trojan* Chief *Evander* gave  
 Unhappy *Pallas*) and intreats to shew  
 The Skill and Rudiments austere of War.  
 See, with what Joy, Him LEOPOLD declares  
 His Great Deliyerer; and courts t' accept  
 Of Titles, with superior Modesty  
 Better refus'd. Mean while the Haughty King  
 Far humbler Thoughts now learns; Despair, and Fear  
 Now first he feels; his Laurels all at once  
 Torn from his Aged Head, in Life's extream,  
 Distract his Soul; nor can Great *Boileau's* Harp  
 Of various sounding Wire, best taught to calm  
 Whatever Passion, and exalt the Soul  
 With highest Strains, his languid Spirits cheer:  
 Rage, Shame, and Grief, alternate in his Breast.

But



But who can tell what Pangs, what sharp Remorse  
 Torment the *Boian* Prince? From Native Soil  
 Exil'd by Fate, torn from the dear Embrace  
 Of weeping Comfort, and depriv'd the Sight  
 Of his young guiltless Progeny, he seeks  
 Inglorious Shelter, in an Alien Land;  
 Deplorable! but that his Mind averse  
 To Right, and Insincere, would violate  
 His plighted Faith: Why did he not accept  
 Friendly Composure offer'd? or well weigh,  
 With Whom he must Contend? Encount'ring fierce  
 The *Solymæan* Sultan, he overthrew  
 His Moony Troops, returning bravely linear'd  
 With Painim Blood effus'd, nor did the *Gaul*  
 Not find him once a baleful Foe: But when,  
 Of Councel-rath, new Measures he pursues,  
 Unhappy Prince! (no more a Prince) he sees  
 Too late his Error, forc'd to implore Relief  
 Of Him, he once defy'd. O Destitute  
 Of Hope, unpity'd! Thou shouldst first have thought  
 Of persevering stedfast; now upbraid  
 Thy own inconstant ~~ill~~ <sup>palpating</sup> Heart.  
 Lo! how the *Noric* Plains, thro' Thy Default  
 Rise hilly, with large Piles of slaughter'd Knights,

Best Men, that Warr'd still firmly for their Prince,  
 Tho' Faithless, and Unshaken Duty shew'd;  
 Worthy of Better End. Where Cities stood,  
 Well Fenc'd, and Numerous, Desolation Reigns,  
 And Emptiness, dismay'd, unfed, unhous'd,  
 The Widow, and the Orphan Strole around  
 The Desert wide; with oft retorted Eye  
 They view the Gaping Walls, and Poor Remains  
 Of Mansions, once their own (now loathsome Haunts  
 Of Birds obscene), bewailing loud the Loss  
 Of Spouse; or Sire, or Son, e'er Manly Prime  
 Slain in sad Conflict, and complain of Fate  
 As Partial, and too Rigorous; nor find  
 Where to Retire themselves, or where Appease  
 Th' afflictive keen Desire of Food, expos'd  
 To Winds, and Storms, and Jaws of Savage Beasts.

Thrice Happy *Albion*! from the World disjoin'd  
 By Heav'n Propitious, Blissful Seat of Peace!  
 Learn from Thy Neighbour's Miseries to Prize  
 Thy Welfare; Crown'd with Nature's Choicest Gift  
 Remote Thou hear'st the Dire Effect of War  
 Depopulation, void alone of Fear,  
 And Peril, whilst the Dismal Symphony



Of Drums and Clarions other Realms annoys.  
 Th' *Iberian* Scepter undecided, here  
 Engages mighty Hosts in wasteful Strife;  
 From diff'rent Climes the Flow'r of Youth descends  
 Down to the *Lusitanian* Vales, resolv'd  
 With utmost Hazard to Enthrone their Prince,  
*Gallic*, or *Austrian*; Havoc dire ensues,  
 And wild Uproar: The Natives, dubious whom  
 They must Obey, in Consternation wait,  
 Till rigid Conquest will pronounce their Liege.  
 Nor is the Brazen Voice of War unheard  
 On the mild *Latian* Shore; what Sighs and Tears  
 Hath EUGENE caus'd! How many Widows curse  
 His cleaving Faulchion! Fertile Soil in vain!  
 What do thy Pastures, or thy Vines avail,  
 Best Boon of Heav'n! or huge *Taburnus*, cloath'd  
 With Olives, when the Cruel Battle mows  
 The Planters, with their Harvest immature?  
 See, with what Outrage from the frosty North,  
 The early Valiant *Suede* draws forth his Wings  
 In Battailous Array, while *Volga's* Stream  
 Sends Opposite, in shaggy Armor clad,  
 Her Borderers; on mutual Slaughter bent,  
 They rend their Countries! How is *Poland* vex'd

With

With Civil Broils, while Two Elected Kings  
 Contend for Sway? Unhappy Nation, left  
 Thus free of Choice! The *English*, undisturb'd  
 With such sad Privilege, submit Obey  
 Whom Heav'n ordains Supream, with Rev'rence due,  
 Not Thraldom, in fit Liberty secure.  
 From Scepter'd Kings, in long Descent deriv'd,  
 Thou *ANNA* Rulest, Prudent to promote  
 Thy People's Ease at home, nor Studious less  
 Of *Europe's* Good; to Thee, of Kingly Rights  
 Sole Arbitress, declining Thrones, and Pow'rs  
 Sue for Relief; Thou bid'st Thy *CHURCHILL* go,  
 Succour the Injur'd Realms, Defeat the Hopes  
 Of Haughty *LOUIS*, unconfi'd; He goes  
 Obsequious, and the dread Command fulfils,  
 In One Great Day. Again Thou giv'st in Charge  
 To *ROOK*, that He should let that Monarch know,  
 The Empire of the Ocean wide diffus'd  
 Is Thine; behold! with winged Speed He rides  
 Undaunted o'er the lab'ring Main, t'assert  
 Thy liquid Kingdoms; at his near Approach  
 The *Gallic* Navies, impotent to bear  
 His Volly'd Thunder, torn, dissever'd, scud,  
 And bless the friendly interposing Night.

Hail,



Hail, Mighty QUEEN, reserv'd by Fate, to Grace  
 The New-born Age; what Hopes may we conceive  
 Of future Years, when to Thy Early Reign  
*Neptune* submits his Trident, and Thy Arms  
 Already have prevail'd to th' utmost Bound  
*Hesperian, Calpe*, by *Alcides* fixt,  
 Mountain Sublime, that casts a Shade of Length  
 Immeasurable, and Rules the Inland Waves!  
 Let Others, with Insatiate Thirst of Rule,  
 Invade their Neighbours Lands, neglect the Ties  
 Of Leagues and Oaths; this Thy peculiar Praise  
 Be still, to Study Right, and Quell the Force  
 Of Kings Perfidious; let them learn from Thee  
 That neither Strength, nor Policy refin'd  
 Shall with Success be Crown'd, where Justice fails.  
 Thou with Thy own Content, not for Thy Self,  
 Subduest Regions; Generous to Raise  
 The Suppliant Knee, and Cure the Rebel Neck  
 The *German* Boasts Thy Conquests, and Enjoys  
 The Great Advantage; nought to Thee redounds  
 But Satisfaction from thy Conscious Mind.

Auspicious QUEEN, since in Thy Realmis secure  
 Of Peace, Thou Reign'st, and Victory attends

Thy distant Ensigns, with Compassion view  
*Europe* Embroil'd; Still Thou (for Thou Alone  
 Sufficient art) the jarring Kingdoms Ire,  
 Reciprocally ruinous; Say Who  
 Shall wield th'*Hesperian*, Who the *Polish* Sword,  
 By Thy Decree; the trembling Lands shall hear  
 Thy Voice, Obedient, lest Thy Scourge should bruise  
 Their Stubborn Necks, and CHURCHILL in his Wrath  
 Make Them Remember *Bleinheim* with Regret.

Thus shall the Nations, Aw'd to Peace, Extol  
 Thy Pow'r, and Justice; Jealousies and Fears,  
 And Hate Infernal banisht shall retire  
 To *Mauritania*, or the *Bactrian* Coasts,  
 Or *Tartary*, Engend'ring Discords fell  
 Amongst the Enemies of Truth; while Arts  
 Pacific, and Inviolable Love  
 Flourish in *Europe*. Hail *Saturnian* Days  
 Returning! In perpetual Tenor run  
 Delectable, and Shed your Influence Sweet  
 On Virtuous *ANNA*'s Head; ye Happy Days,  
 By *HER* restor'd, Her Just Designs compleat,  
 And, mildly on *HER* Shining, Bless the World.